THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. *COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.*
II. *COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.*
III. *PREPARED FOR THE LORD's SUPPER.*

Rev. v. 9. *And they ſung a new ſong ſaying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us.*
Soliti eſſent (i. e. Chriſtiani) convenire, carmenque Chriſto quaſi Deo dicere. PLIN. *in Epiſt.*

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſky.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS:

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

I. *A Song in praiſe to God from Great Britain.*

NATURE with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King,
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

[2. Begin to make his glories known
Ye ſeraphs that ſit near his throne,
Tune your harps high, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.]

[3. All mortal things of meaner frame
Exert your force and own his name,
Whilſt with our ſouls and with our voice
We ſing his honours and our joys.]

[4. To him be ſacred all we have
From the young cradle to the grave,
Our lips ſhall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

[5. This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6. He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7. Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

[8. Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name,
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9. Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain! pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

10. Yet mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

II. *The death of a sinner.*

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrours seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2. Ling'ring about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3. Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4. There endless crowds of sinners lie
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6. Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

III. *The death and burial of a saint.*

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too
As faſt as time can move?
Nor would we wiſh the hours more flow
To keep us from our Love.

3. Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all his ſaints he bleſt,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt
But with the dying Head?

5. Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhow'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly
At the great riſing day.

6. Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound
And bid our kindred riſe;
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye ſaints aſcend the ſkies.

IV. *Salvation in the croſs.*

Here at thy croſs my dying God
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood
Jeſus, nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2. Not all that tyrants think or ſay,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell, ſhall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions riſe.

3. Should worlds conſpire to drive me thence
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhould lie,
Reſolv'd (for that 's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh there to die.

4. But ſpeak my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade?
Thy vengeance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor Satan dares my ſoul invade.

5. Yes, I 'm ſecure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim:
Hoſanna to my dying God,
And my beſt honours to his name.

V. *Longing to praiſe Chriſt better.*

Lord! when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of my ſoul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy croſs;

2. When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin
Vanquiſh'd by that dear blood of thine,
And ſee the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's ſide,

3. My paſſions riſe and ſoar above,
I 'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things
And learn the notes that Gabriel ſings.
4. But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal ſtrains,
And in ſuch humble notes as theſe
Muſt fall below thy victories.
5. Well, the kind minute muſt appear
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here,
Theſe clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

VI. A *morning Song.*

ONCE more, my ſoul! the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more my voice thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the ſkies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits
To turn the ſeaſons round.
3. 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe,
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

[4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand,
Thy juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5. A thouſand wretched ſouls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting ſun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6. Dear God! let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light,
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline
And bring a pleaſant night.

VIII. *An evening Song.*

[Dread Sov'reign! let my ev'ning ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe,
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.]

3. Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5. Lord! with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign
To be renew'd by thee.

6. Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

VIII. *A Hymn for a morning or evening.*

Hosanna with a cheerful ſound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

2. That was a moſt amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3. The ev'ning reſts our weary head,
And angels guard the room,
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4. The riſing morning cann't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day,
For Death ſtands ready at the door
To ſeize our lives away.

5. Our breath is forfeited by ſin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace immortal King
In ev'ry gaſp we draw.

6. God is our ſun, whoſe daily light
Our joy and ſafety brings,
Our feeble fleſh lies ſafe at night
Beneath his ſhady wings.

IX. *Godly ſorrow ariſing from the ſufferings of Chriſt.*

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

[2. Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus! thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious ſuff'rer ſtood!

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide
And ſhut his glories in
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin.

5. Thus might I hide my bluſhing face
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs
And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord! I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

My ſoul forſakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell,
Baſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchievous as hell.

2. No longer will I aſk your love
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more,
The happineſs that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3. There 's nothing round this ſpacious earth
That ſuits my large deſire,
To boundleſs joy and ſolid mirth
My nobler thoughts aſpire,

[4. Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
5. Th' almighty Ruler of the ſphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own allſufficient there
To make our bliſs complete.]
6. Had I the pinions of a dove
I 'd climb the heav'nly road,
There ſits my Saviour dreſs'd in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

XI. *The ſame.*

I Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.
2. Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black deſpair,
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong
Your ſtreams had ev'n convey'd me there.
3. Lord! I adore thy matchleſs grace
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs,
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperiour bliſs.

4. Now to the ſhining realms above
I ſtretch my hands and glance mine eyes,
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5. There from the boſom of my God
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll,
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

XII. *Chriſt is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.*

The true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2. No ſmoking ſweets nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3. Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When God himſelf came down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4. He took our mortal fleſh to ſhow
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below
And prays for us above.

5. " Father," he cries, " forgive their ſins,
" For I myſelf have dy'd,"
And then he ſhows his open'd veins
And pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration, of this world.*

Sing to the Lord that built the ſkies,
The Lord that rear'd this ſtately frame,
Let half the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
2. He form'd the ſeas and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry duſt,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And puſh'd them into motion firſt.
3. Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the ſpheres,
He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.
4. Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt
Till all his ſaints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blaſt
To ſhake it all to duſt again!
5. Yet when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's-day, or, Delight in ordinances.*

Welcome ſweet day of reſt
That ſaw the Lord ariſe,
Welcome to this reviving breaſt
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

2. The King himſelf comes near
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3. One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

4. My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

XV. *The enjoyment of Chriſt, or, Delight in worſhip.*

Far from my thoughts vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone,
Fain would my eyes my Saviour ſee,
I wait a viſit Lord! from thee.

2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure deſire:
Come my dear Jeſus from above
And feed my ſoul with heav'nly love.

[3. The trees of life immortal ſtand
In flouriſhing rows at thy right hand,
And in ſweet murmurs by their ſide
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.
4. Haſte then but with a ſmiling face,
And ſpread a table of thy grace,
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with ſacred wine.]
5. Bleſs'd Jeſus! what delicious fare,
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
6. Hail great Emanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine;
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt, one
That eyes have ſeen or angels known!

XVI. *Part the ſecond.*

Lord! what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our paſſions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!
8. When I can ſay my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories ſhine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

9. While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long an everlasting day. 12

10. Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light,
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love. 16

[11. There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then dear Lord bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below. 20

12. Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.] 24

XVII. *God's eternity.*

Rise, rise my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' Eternal God. 4

2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd or angels made
The Maker liv'd alone. 8

3. His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime,
Eternity 's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

4. While like a tide our minutes flow
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal Now
And ſees our ages waſte.

5. The ſea and ſky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come;
The creatures, look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6. Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs day
When th' old creation dies.

XVIII. *The miniſtry of angels.*

High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory ſpreads his ſeat,
And troops of angels ſtretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2. "Go," ſaith the Lord, "my Gabriel go,
"Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb *,
"Make haſte ye cherubs down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come †."

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13.

3. Here a bright ſquadron leaves the ſkies
And thick around Eliſha ſtands *,
Anon a heav'nly ſoldier flies
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands †.

4. Thy winged troops, O God of hoſts!
Wait on thy wand'ring church below,
Here we are ſailing to thy coaſts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5. Are they not all thy ſervants Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haſte obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home ‡.

XIX. *Our frail bodies, and God our preſerver.*

Let others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
But we 'll confeſs O Lord to thee
What feeble things we are.

2. Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand
And flouriſh bright and gay,
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land
And fades the graſs away.

3. Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings
Should keep in tune ſo long.

* 2 Kings vi. 17. † Acts xii. 7. ‡ Heb. i. 14.

4. But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

[5. He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose,
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6. While we have breath or use our tongues
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.]

XX. *Backslidings and returns*, or, *The inconstancy of our love.*

Why is my heart so far from thee
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

[2. Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3. When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4. But ere some fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste
And to pollute my joys.

[5. Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

6. Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

[7. Since promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief,
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief;

8. Seizing my soul with sweet surprise
He draws with loving bands,
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[9. Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.]

[10. Make haste my days to reach the goal
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God my Saviour's breast.]

XXI. *A ſong of praiſe to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old Heathens tune their ſong
Of great Diana and of Jove,
But the ſweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2. Behold a God deſcends and dies
To ſave my ſoul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3. How Juſtice frown'd and Vengeance ſtood
To drive me down to endleſs pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4. Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
To thee be endleſs honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous name ſhall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible majeſty.*

TERRIBLE God! that reign'ſt on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withſtand.

2. This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows ſtruck the traitor thro',
And weighty vengeance ſunk him down.

3. This Sodom felt, and feels it ſtill,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endleſs burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"

4. Tremble ye ſinners and ſubmit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hand ſhall cruſh you down.

5. And ye bleſs'd ſaints that love him too
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The ſight of God and Chriſt in heaven.*

Descend from heav'n immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferiour things;

2. Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3. O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4. Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

5. O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

6. When ſhall the day dear Lord appear
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy face and ſing and love?

XXIV. *The evil of ſin viſible in the fall of angels and men.*

When the great Builder arch'd the ſkies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praiſe,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2. High in the midſt of all the throng
Satan a tall archangel ſat,
Amongſt the morning-ſtars he ſung *
Till ſin deſtroy'd his heav'nly ſtate.

[3. 'Twas ſin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou ſunk in darkneſs down,
"Son of the morning †, from the ſkies!"]

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Iſa. xiv. 12.

4. And thus our two firſt parents ſtood,
Till ſin defil'd the happy place;
They loſt their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

[5. So ſprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And ſpread deſtruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd ſix days labour of a God.]

6. Tremble my ſoul! and mourn for grief
That ſuch a foe ſhould ſeize thy breaſt,
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh may he ſlay this treach'rous gueſt!

7. Then to thy throne victorious King,
Then to thy throne our ſhouts ſhall riſe,
Thine everlaſting arm we ſing,
For ſin the monſter bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of ſpiritual ſloth.*

My drowſy pow'rs why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake my ſluggiſh ſoul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half ſo dull.

2. The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive,
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
How negligent we live!

3. We for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their counſels move,
We for whoſe guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above!

4. We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5. Lord! ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts!
Come holy Dove from th' heav'nly hill,
And ſit and warm our hearts.

6. Then ſhall our active ſpirits move,
Upwards our ſouls ſhall riſe;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. *God inviſible.*

Lord! we are blind, we mortals blind,
We cann't behold thy bright abode,
O 't is beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2. Infinite leagues beyond the ſky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor ſouls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topleſs throne.

3. The Lord of glory builds his ſeat
Of gems inſufferably bright,
And lays beneath his ſacred feet
Subſtantial beams of gloomy night.

4. Yet glorious Lord! thy gracious eyes
Look thro' and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praiſe thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praiſe ye him all his angels*, *Pſal.* cxlviii. 2.

God! the eternal awful name
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That ſhakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2. Like flames of fire his ſervants are,
And light ſurrounds his dwelling-place;
But O ye fiery flames! declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3. 'Tis not for ſuch poor worms as we
To ſpeak ſo infinite a thing,
But your immortal eyes ſurvey
The beauties of your ſov'reign King.

4. Tell how he ſhows his ſmiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And ſongs eternal as the day.

5. Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it ſpreads thro' all your frame;
That ſacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have loſt the name.

[6. Sing of his pow'r and juſtice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquiſh'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliſs.]

[7. What mighty ſtorms of poiſon'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lin nail'd their hearts
Faſt to the racks of long deſpair!]

[8. Shout to your King you heav'nly hoſt,
You that beheld the ſinking foe;
Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich grace that kept you ſo.]

9. Proclaim his wonders from the ſkies,
Let ev'ry diſtant nation hear,
And while you ſound his lofty praiſe
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

Stoop down my thoughts that uſe to riſe,
Converſe a while with death,
Think how a gaſping mortal lies
And pants away his breath.

2. His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulſes faint and few,
Then ſpeechleſs with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3. But oh! the ſoul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts purſue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4. Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite deſpair.

5. And muſt my body faint and die?
And muſt this ſoul remove?
Oh for ſome guardian angel nigh
To bear it ſafe above!

6. Jeſus! to thy dear faithful hand
My naked ſoul I truſt,
And my fleſh waits for thy command
To drop into my duſt.

XXIX. *Redemption by price and power.*

Jesus! with all thy ſaints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving love,
And ſing thy bleeding heart.

2. Bleſs'd be the Lamb my deareſt Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming ſword
In his own vital flood.

3. The Lamb that freed my captive ſoul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And ſent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horrour reigns.

4. All glory to the dying Lamb
And never-ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know his name,
Or ſaints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

[Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2. The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place!
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.]

3. Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

[4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas,]

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6. There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never never ſin,
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7. Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

[8. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

[9. The hill of Sion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10. Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We 're marching thro' Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI. *Chriſt's preſence makes death eaſy.*

Why ſhould we ſtart and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endleſs joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying ſtrife,
Fright our approaching ſouls away,
Still we ſhrink back again to life,
Fond of our priſon and our clay.
3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet
My ſoul! ſhe 'd ſtretch her wings in haſte,
Fly fearleſs thro' Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrours as ſhe paſt.
4. Jeſus can make a dying bed
Feel ſoft as downy pillows are,
While on his breaſt I lean my head,
And breathe my life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

How ſhort and haſty is our life!
How vaſt our ſouls' affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their years.
2. Our days run thoughtleſsly along
Without a moment's ſtay;
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong
We paſs our lives away.

3. God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedleſs on,
And ever haſt'ning to the tomb
Stoop downwards as we run.

4. How we deſerve the deepeſt hell
That ſlight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance ſhould we feel
That break ſuch cords of love!

5. Draw us O God with ſov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And ſee ſalvation nigh.

XXXVI. *The bleſſed ſociety in heaven.*

RAISE thee my ſoul, fly up and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And ſay there's nought below the ſun
That's worthy of thy feet.

[2. Thus will we mount on ſacred wings
And tread the courts above,
Nor earth nor all her mightieſt things
Shall tempt our meaneſt love.]

3. There on a high majeſtick throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious goodneſs down
On all the bliſsful plains.

4. Bright like a ſun the Saviour ſits
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there nor gloomy nights
To want the feeble moon.

5. Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies
Behold the ſacred Dove,
While baniſh'd ſin and ſorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6. The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne,
And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

7. [But O what beams of heav'nly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in ev'ry ſmile!]

8. Jeſus! and when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay
To dwell amongſt 'em there?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the holy Spirit*, or, *Fervency of devotion deſired.*

Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling toys;
Our ſouls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe,
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold, to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5. Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praiſe to God for creation and redemption.*

Let them neglect thy glory Lord
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud ſong ſhall ſtill record
The wonders of thy praiſe.

2. We raiſe our ſhouts O God to thee,
And ſend them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3. 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4. Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

XXXVI. *Chriſt's interceſſion.*

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2. No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath, comes down;
If juſtice calls for ſinners' blood
The Saviour ſhows his own.

3. Before his Father's eye
Our humble ſuit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4. Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours ſing;
Jeſus the Prieſt receives our ſongs
And bears them to the King.

[5. We bow before his face
And found his glories high,
" Hofanna to the God of grace
" That lays his thunder by.]

6. " On earth thy mercy reigns
" And triumphs all above;"
But Lord how weak our mortal ftrains
To fpeak immortal love!

7. How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we fing!
Sweet Saviour! tune our fongs anew
And they fhall pleafe the King.

XXXVII. *The fame.*

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly feat
Where your Redeemer ftays:
Kind Interceffor! there he fits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2. 'Twas well my foul he dy'd for thee,
And fhed his vital blood,
Appeas'd ftern juftice on the tree,
And then arofe to God.

3. Petitions now and praife may rife,
And faints their off'rings bring,
The Prieft with his own facrifice
Prefents them to the King.

[4. Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast,
We 'ave no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.] 16

5. Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my sighs
And sweetens ev'ry groan. 20

[6. Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.] 24

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest. 4

2. Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there. 8

3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love. 12

4. This is the grace that lives and ſings
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe,
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5. Before we quite forſake our clay
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXXIX. *The ſhortneſs and miſery of life.*

Our days alas! our mortal days,
Are ſhort and wretched too;
"Evil and few" † the patriarch ſays,
And well the patriarch knew.

2. 'Tis but at beſt a narrow bound
That Heav'n allows to men,
And pains and ſins run thro' the round
Of threeſcore years and ten.

3. Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
Run on my days in haſte;
Moments of ſin and months of wo
Ye cannot fly too faſt.

4. Let heav'nly love prepare my ſoul
And call her to the ſkies,
Where years of long ſalvation roll
And glory never dies.

† Gen. xlvii. 9.

XL. *Our comfort in the covenant made with Chriſt.*

OUR God! how firm his promiſe ſtands
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2. Then why my ſoul theſe ſad complaints
Since Chriſt and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3. Beneath his ſmiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſt;
I praiſe his name for grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

XLI. *A ſight of God mortifies us to the world.*

[UP to the fields where angels lie
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But ſin hangs heavy on my ſoul.

2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Chriſt!
Can make this load of guilt remove,
And thou canſt bear me where thou fly'ſt
On thy kind wings celeſtial Dove!

3. O might I once mount up and ſee
The glories of th' eternal ſkies,
What little things theſe worlds would be!
How deſpicable to my eyes!] 12

4. Had I a glance of thee my God,
Kingdoms and men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon. 16

5. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar. 20

6. Great All in All, Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing
Thine endleſs grandeur and thy grace. 24

XLII. *Delight in God.*

My God! what endleſs pleaſures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
The courts below how amiable!
Where all thy graces ſtand. 4

2. The ſwallow near thy temple lies
And chirps a cheerful note,
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd thy ſkies
And tunes her warbling throat. 8

3. And we when in thy preſence Lord,
We ſhout with joyful tongues,
Or ſitting round our Father's board
We crown the feaſt with ſongs.

4. While Jeſus ſhines with quick'ning grace
We ſing and mount on high
But if a frown becloud his face
We faint, and tire, and die.

[5. Juſt as we ſee the lonſome dove
Bemoan her widow'd ſtate,
Wand'ring ſhe flies thro' all the grove
And mourns her loving mate.

6. Juſt ſo our thoughts from thing to thing
In reſtleſs circles rove,
Juſt ſo we droop and hang the wing
When Jeſus hides his love.]

XLIII. *Chriſt's ſufferings and glory.*

Now for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake my voice in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2. Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How ſwift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlaſting love.

[3. Down to this baſe this ſinful earth
He came to raiſe our nature high,
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jeſus the God was born to die.]

[4. Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monſters ſpilt,
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5. Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

6. Lift up your eyes ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace,
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

7. Among a thouſand harps and ſongs
Jeſus the God exalted reigns,
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XLIV. *Hell*, or, *The vengeance of God.*

WITH holy fear and humble ſong
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That ſpeaks the terrours of his pow'r.

2. Far in the deep where darkneſs dwells,
The land of horrour and deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal hell,
And laid her ſtores of vengeance there.

[3. Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned ſouls.

4. There Satan the firſt ſinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel ſtrives to riſe,
Cruſh'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5. There guilty ghoſts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6. Tremble my ſoul and kiſs the Son;
Sinner obey thy Saviour's call,
Elſe your damnation haſtens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV. *God's condeſcenſion to our worſhip.*

THY favours Lord ſurpriſe our ſouls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canſt thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2. Still might he fill his ſtarry throne;
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs,
But th' heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3. Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but air and tongues but clay,
But thy compaſſion 's all divine.

o

XLVI. *God's condeſcenſion to human affairs.*

Up to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2. He that can ſhake the worlds he made
Or with his word or with his rod,
His goodneſs how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!]

[3. God that muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do,
Down to our earth he caſts his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downwards too.]

4. He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls the King of kings
Beſtows his counſels and his cares.

5. Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6. In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform,
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7. Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace!
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

XLVII. *Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

Now to the Lord a noble song,
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4. But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5. Grace! 't is a ſweet a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

6. Oh! may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold.

XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

How vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2. The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3. Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds
And leave but half for God!

4. The fondneſs of a creature's love
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5. Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. *Moſes dying in the embraces of God.*

Death cannot make our ſouls afraid
If God be with us there,
We may walk thro' her darkeſt ſhade
And never yield to fear.

2. I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moſes did.

3. Might I but climb to Piſgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My fleſh itſelf ſhould long to drop
And pray for the command.

4. Claſp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And loſe my life among the charms
Of ſo divine a death.

L. *Comforts under ſorrows and pains.*

Now let the Lord my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhow my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleaſure loſe the ſmart.

2. But oh! it ſwells my ſorrows high
To ſee my bleſſed Jeſus frown,
My ſpirits ſink, my comforts die,
And all the ſprings of life are down.

3. Yet why my ſoul! why theſe complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move,
Still on his heart he bears his ſaints,
And feels their ſorrows and his love.

4. My name is printed on his breaſt,
His book of life contains my name,
I'd rather have it there impreſt
Than in the bright records of fame.

5. When the laſt fire burns all things here
Thoſe letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by th' Eternal Father's hand.

6. Now ſhall my minutes ſmoothly run
Whilſt here I wait my Father's will,
My riſing and my ſetting ſun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

[2. Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word,
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperiour Lord.]

[3. Mercy and truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy right hand,
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4. A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongſt the ſons of light
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5. Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus! array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6. Their glory ſhines with equal beams,
Their eſſence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the name of Chriſt our King
With equal honours be ador'd,
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

DEATH! 't is a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,
But guilt a heavy chain
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4. See how the pit gapes wide for you
And flashes in your face;
And thou my soul! look downwards too
And sing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a God of sov'reign love
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above
Where happy spirits be.

6. Prepare me Lord! for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the ſaints*, or, *Earth and heaven.*

LORD! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy!

2. But pricking thorns thro' all the ground
And mortal poiſons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.

3. Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land,
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[4. Our ſouls ſhall tread the deſert thro'
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal ſubdue
The terrours that we meet.]

[5. A thouſand ſavage beaſts of prey
Around the foreſt roam,
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the ſtrangers home.]

[6. Long nights and darkneſs dwell below
With ſcarce a twinkling ray,
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlaſting day.]

[7. By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the ſacred road;
Thro' diſmal deeps and dang'rous ſnares
We make our way to God.]

8. Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward ſtill,
Forget theſe troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

[9. See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jeſus the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'llers home.]

10. There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary ſouls ſhall ſit,
And with tranſporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[11. No vain diſcourſe ſhall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,
Infinite grace ſhall fill our ſong,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12. Eternal glories to the King
That brought us ſafely thro'
Our tongues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
And endleſs praiſe renew.

LIV. *God's preſence is light in darkneſs.*

My God the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkeſt ſhades if he appear
My dawning is begun,
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing ſun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While Jeſus ſhews his heart is mine,
And whiſpers "I am his."

4. My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5. Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conq'ror thro'.

LV. *Frail life and ſucceeding eternity.*

Thee we adore Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

[2. Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

3. The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're trav'lling to the grave.]

4. Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb,
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5. Good God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6. Infinite joy or endleſs wo
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7. Wake, O Lord our drowſy ſenſe
To walk this dang'rous road,
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God.

LVI. *The miſery of being without God in this world*, or, *Vain proſperity.*

No, I ſhall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increaſe their golden ſtore
And riſe to wondrous height.

2. They taſte of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well they may ſearch the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſt'ning on to you
To mow your glory down.

4. Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately head,
Away your ſpirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the ſkies.

5. Go now and boaſt of all your ſtores
And tell how bright you ſhine,
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer 's mine.

LVII. *The pleaſures of a good conſcience.*

Lord! how ſecure and bleſs'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd ſin!
Should ſtorms of wrath ſhake earth and ſea
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2. The day glides ſwiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo ſwift away,
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer ev'nings be.

4. How oft' they look to th' heav'nly hills
Where groves of living pleaſure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful ſmiles
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow!]

5. They ſcorn to ſeek out golden toys,
But ſpend the day and ſhare the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

6. While wretched we like worms and moles
Lie grov'ling in the duſt below,
Almighty grace renew our ſouls,
And we 'll aſpire to glory too.

LVIII. *The ſhortneſs of life and the goodneſs of God.*

Time! what an empty vapour 't is,
And days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

[2. The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay "they 're here",
But only ſay "they 're paſt".]

[3. Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4. Yet mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5. 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love,
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6. His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7. Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on earth.*

Glory to God that walks the sky
And sends his blessings thro',
That tells his saints of joys on high
And gives a taste below.

[2. Glory to God that ſtoops his throne
That duſt and worms may ſee 't,
And brings a glimpſe of glory down
Around his ſacred feet.

3. When Chriſt with all his graces crown'd
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4. A blooming paradiſe of joy
In this wild deſert ſprings,
And ev'ry ſenſe I ſtraight employ
On ſweet celeſtial things.

5. White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory ſhows;
The roſe of Sharon bloſſoms here,
The faireſt flow'r that blows.

6. Cheerful I feaſt on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleaſures down,
Pleaſures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7. But ah! how ſoon my joys decay,
How ſoon my ſins ariſe,
And ſnatch the heav'nly ſcene away
From theſe lamenting eyes!

8. When ſhall the time dear Jeſus! when
The ſhining day, appear
That I ſhall leave thoſe clouds of ſin,
And guilt and darkneſs here?

9. Up to the fields above the ſkies
My haſty feet would go,
There everlaſting flow'rs ariſe
And joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The truth of God the promiſer*, or, *The promiſes are our ſecurity*.

Praise, everlaſting praiſe, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid,
Praiſe to the God whoſe ſtrong decrees
Sway the creation as he pleaſe.
2. Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as ſtrong as his decrees
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.
[3. Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God
Who ſpoke and ſpread the ſkies abroad.
4. Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the new-made heav'ns go round,
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
5. Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6. O for a ſtrong a laſting faith
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7. Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our ſteady ſouls ſhould fear no more
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.

8. Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r ſuſtains.

LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

My ſoul! come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[2. And you mine eyes look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy priſon waits for you
Whene'er the ſummons come.]

3. Oh could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead!
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly
And converſe with the dead;

4. Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms:

[5. How we ſhould ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undreſs
That we may reſt with God!]

6. We ſhould almoſt forſake our clay
Before the ſummons come,
And pray and wiſh our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer*, or, *The laſt judgment and hell**.

SING to the Lord ye heav'nly hoſts,
And thou O earth adore,
Let death and hell thro' all their coaſts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his ſtores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.

3. His noſtrils breathe out fiery ſtreams,
And from his awful tongue
A ſov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

* Made in a great ſudden ſtorm of thunder, Aug. 20. 1697.

4. Think O my ſoul the dreadful day
When this incenſed God
Shall rend the ſky and burn the ſea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5. What ſhall the wretch the ſinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord,
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his word.

6. Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll
To blaſt the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul
In one eternal ſtorm.

LXII. *A funeral thought.*

Hark, from the tombs a doleful ſound!
My ears attend the cry,
" Ye living men come view the ground
" Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2. " Princes, this clay muſt be your bed
" In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
" The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend, head
" Muſt lie as low as ours."

3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace
To fit our ſouls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying fleſh
We'll riſe above the ſky.

LXIV. *God the glory and the defence of Sion.*

HAPPY the church, thou ſacred place!
The ſeat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2. Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriours waits,
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3. Thy foes in vain deſigns engage,
Againſt his throne in vain they rage,
Like riſing waves with angry roar
That daſh and die upon the ſhore.

4. Then let our ſouls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5. God is our ſhield and God our ſun:
Swift as the fleeting moments run
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

LXV. *The hopes of heaven our ſupport under trials on earth.*

When I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth againſt my ſoul engage
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall,
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4. There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

LXVI. *A proſpect of heaven makes death eaſy.*

There is a land of pure delight
Where ſaints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2. There everlaſting ſpring abides
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death like a narrow ſea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

[3. Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſs'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to lanch away.]
5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
6. Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the ſhore.

LXVII. *God's eternal dominion.*

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praiſe to thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages ſtood
Ere ſeas or ſtars were made;
Thou art the everliving God
Were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4. Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares.
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6. Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble worship of heaven.*

Father! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I 'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat my God!

2. Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasant sight,
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3. I 'd part with all the joys of ſenſe
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4. There all the heav'nly hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love

5. Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall,
With joy they ſhrink to nothing there
Before th' Eternal All.

6. There I would vie with all the hoſt
In duty and in bliſs,
While leſs than nothing I could boaſt,
And vanity confeſs *.

7. The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink my joy ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

LXIX. *The faithfulneſs of God in the promiſes.*

[BEGIN my tongue ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our Eternal King.

* Iſa. xl. 17.

2. Tell of his wondrous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

3. Proclaim "ſalvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen

4. Engrav'd as in eternal braſs
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.]

[5. He that can daſh whole worlds to death
And make them when he pleaſe,
He ſpeaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6. His very word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies:
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Speaks all the promiſes.

7. He ſaid "Let the wide heav'n be ſpread,"
And heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad;
"Abra'm I 'll be thy God," he ſaid,
And he was Abra'm's God.

8. O might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whiſper "Thou art mine!"
Thoſe gentle words ſhould raiſe my ſong
To notes almoſt divine.

9. How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heav'n ſecure!
I truſt the allcreating voice,
And faith deſires no more.]

LXX. *God's dominion over the ſea*, Pſal. cvii. 23, *&c.*

God of the ſeas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one ſoft word of thy command
Can ſink them ſilent in the ſand.

2. If but a Moſes wave thy rod
The ſea divides and owns its God,
The ſtormy floods their Maker know
And let his choſen armies thro'.

3. The ſcaly flocks amidſt the ſea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meaneſt fiſh that ſwims the flood
Leaps up and means a praiſe to God.

[4. The larger monſters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permiſſion ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5. If God his voice of tempeſt rears
Leviathan lies ſtill and fears,
Anon he lifts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.]

6. How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

[7. What scenes of miracles they see
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8. Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves,
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

9. Oh for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky †.

LXXI. *Praise to God from all creatures.*

The glories of my Maker God
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2. 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

† From the 70th to the 180th Hymn I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.

3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues,
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelick ſongs.

4. Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5. Ye planets to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

6. The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's-day*, or, *The reſurrection of Chriſt.*

Blest morning! whoſe young dawning rays
Beheld our riſing God,
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt
And leave his dark abode.

2. In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving ſkies had brought
The third th' appointed day.

3. Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe
And burſt their feeble chain.

4. To thy great name Almighty Lord!
Theſe ſacred hours we pay,
And loud hoſannas ſhall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

[5. Salvation and immortal praiſe
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
With glad hoſannas ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts ſcattered*, or, *Spiritual joy reſtored.*

HENCE from my ſoul ſad thoughts be gone
And leave me to my joys,
My tongue ſhall triumph in my God
And make a joyful noiſe.

2. Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till ſov'reign grace with ſhining rays
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

3. O! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jeſus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4. In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe dear Saviour of thy face
Revives my joys again. 16

LXXIV. *Repentance from a ſenſe of divine goodneſs*, or, *A complaint of ingratitude.*

Is this the kind return,
And theſe the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuſe eternal love
Whence all our bleſſings flow! 4
2. To what a ſtubborn frame
Has ſin reduc'd our mind!
What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,
And God as ſtrangely kind! 8
[3. On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays,
For us the ſkies their circles run
To lengthen out our days. 12
4. The brutes obey their God
And bow their necks to men,
But we more baſe more brutiſh things
Reject his eaſy reign.] 16
5. Turn, turn us mighty God!
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, Sov'reign Grace, theſe hearts of ſtone
And give us hearts of fleſh. 20

6. Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy*, or, *The beatifick sight of Christ.*

From thee my God my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind
And fly beyond the grave.

3. There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I 'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love.

[5. Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6. Haſte my Beloved! fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode,
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The reſurrection and aſcenſion of Chriſt.*

Hosanna to the Prince of light
That cloth'd himſelf in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death
And tore the bars away.

2. Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Emanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3. See how the Conq'ror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh
And triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns
And ſcatters bleſſings down,
Our Jeſus fills the middle ſeat
Of the celeſtial throne.

[5. Raiſe your devotion mortal tongues
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of your ſongs
To our incarnate God.

6. Bright angels ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe,
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emanuel's praiſe.]

LXXVII. *The Chriſtian warfare.*

[Stand up my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel armour on,
March to the gates of endleſs joy
Where thy great Captain Saviour 's gone.
2. Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes,
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.]
[3. What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage
And waſte the fury of his ſpite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.
4. What tho' thine inward luſts rebel?
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins and end the ſtrife.]
5. Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait:

6. There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Chriſt.*

When the firſt parents of our race
Rebell'd and loſt their God,
And the infection of their ſin
Had tainted all our blood,
2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Deſcending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne.
3. Aſide the Prince of glory threw
His moſt divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferiour clay.
4. His living pow'r and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
5. To thee dear Lord our fleſh and ſoul
We joyfully reſign:
Bleſs'd Jeſus! take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6. Thine honour ſhall for ever be
The buſ'neſs of our days,
For ever ſhall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deſerved praiſe.

LXXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

Plung'd in a gulf of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief,
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4. He ſpoil'd the pow'rs of darkneſs thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive ſouls
From everlaſting pains.

[5. In vain the baffled prince of hell
His curſed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endleſs ſlaves
Are rais'd above the ſkies.]

6. O for this love! let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak. 24

[7. Yes, we will praise thee dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name. 28

8. Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold,
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.] 32

LXXX. *God's awful power and goodness.*

Oh! the almighty Lord,
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble O earth beneath his word
While all the heav'ns adore. 4

2. Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet ye haughty things!
Or he shall tread you down. 8

3. Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes. 12

4. Yet everlaſting God!
We love to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy ſceptre 's equal to thy rod,
The ſceptre of thy grace.

5. The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6. Salvation to the King
That ſits enthron'd above!
Thus we adore the God of might
And bleſs the God of love.

LXXXI. *Our ſin the cauſe of Chriſt's death.*

And now the ſcales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to ſee:
Oh the curs'd deeds my ſins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2. Were theſe the traitors deareſt Lord
That thy fair body tore!
Monſters that ſtain'd thoſe heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
My deareſt Lord was ſlain!
When juſtice ſeiz'd God's only Son,
And put his ſoul to pain?

4. Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I 'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart ye ſins be gone,
For Jeſus I adore.

5. Furniſh me Lord with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I 'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling ſin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from ſpiritual enemies.*

Ariſe my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God,
Awake my voice and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2. He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 't was before I fell.

3. The arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry footſteps faſt.

4. The city of my bleſs'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5. Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life
And bounds his raging pow'r.
6. Ariſe my ſoul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleaſures ſing,
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The paſſion and exaltation of Chriſt.*

Thus ſaith the Ruler of the ſkies
"Awake my dreadful ſword,
"Awake my wrath and ſmite the Man,
"My Fellow," ſaith the Lord.
2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down ſhe flies,
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.
3. But oh! the wiſdom and the grace
That join'd with vengeance now!
He dies to ſave our guilty race,
And yet he riſes too.
4. A perſon ſo divine was he
Who yielded to be ſlain,
That he could give his ſoul away
And take his life again.

5. Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound with endleſs joy
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The ſame.*

Come all harmonious tongues
Your nobleſt muſick bring,
'Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God
And Chriſt the Man we ſing.
2. Tell how he took our fleſh
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.
[3. Alas! the cruel ſpear
Went deep into his ſide,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]
[4. The waves of ſwelling grief
Did o'er his boſom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his ſoul.]
5. Down to the ſhades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
When death itſelf is dead.

6. No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs and nails no more,
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7. There the Redeemer ſits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by
And ſmiles upon his Son.

8. There his full glories ſhine
With uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints' and angels' eyes
To everlaſting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

Why does your face ye humble ſouls
Thoſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2. What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne
Like pointed mountains riſe?

3. What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And as its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4. See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe:

5. It riſes high and drowns the hills,
It has neither ſhore nor bound;
Now if we ſearch to find our ſins
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6. Awake our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from ſin and miſery in heaven.*

Our ſins alas! how ſtrong they be?
And like a violent ſea
They break our duty Lord to thee,
And hurry us away.

2. The waves of trouble how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſts roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3. There to fulfil his ſweet commands
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal
Or cool our burning love.

4. There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts
And smile in ev'ry face.

5. For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of ev'ry song.

LXXXVII. *The divine glories above our reason.*

How wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2. Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed Three
And the almighty One.

3. Our reason stretches all its wings
And climbs above the skies,
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!

[4. Lord! here we bend our humble souls
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5. Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong. 20

[6. In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.] 24

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears,
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears. 4

2. Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we ariſe by grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly day. 8

3. Salvation! Let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound. 12

LXXXIX. *Chriſt's victory over Satan.*

HOSANNA to our conq'ring King!
The prince of darkneſs flies,
His troops ruſh headlong down to hell
Like lightning from the ſkies: 4

2. There bound in chains the lions roar
And fright the reſcu'd ſheep,
But heavy bars confine their po..'r
And malice to the deep.
3. Hoſanna to our conq'ring King!
All hail incarnate Love:
Ten thouſand ſongs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
4. Thy vict'ries and thy deathleſs fame
Thro' the wide world ſhall run,
And everlaſting ages ſing
The triumphs thou haſt won.

XC. *Faith ir Chriſt for pardon and ſ.nctification.*

How ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin hov deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.
2. But there 's a .oice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from the ſacred word;
"Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners come
"And truſt upon the Lord."
3. My ſoul obeys th' almighty call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promiſe Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.

[4. To the dear fountain of thy blood
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me waſh my ſpotted ſoul
From crimes of deepeſt dye.

5. Stretch out thine arm victorious King,
My reigning ſins ſubdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his ſeat
With all his helliſh crew.]

6. A guilty, weak, and helpleſs, worm
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
My Jeſus, and my all.

XCI. *The glory of Chriſt in heaven.*

O! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories, of the place
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2. Sweet majeſty and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

[3. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright ſceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice
To ſee him wear the crown.

4. Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet.]

5. Thoſe ſoſt thoſe bleſſed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

6. His head, the dear majeſtick head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories ſhine
And circle it around!

7. This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unſeen adore,
But when our eyes behold his face
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

[8. Lord! how our ſouls are all on fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praiſe
To our incarnate God!]

9. And while our faith enjoys this ſight
We long to leave our clay,
And wiſh thy fiery chariots Lord
To fetch our ſouls away.

XCII. *The church ſaved and her enemies diſappointed.*

Compoſed the 5th of November 1694.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run,
Ye Britiſh ſkies reſound the noiſe
Beyond the riſing ſun. 4

2. Thee mighty God! our ſouls admire,
Thee our glad voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial choir
To praiſe th' Eternal King. 8

3. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the ſtarry ſkies
Sits ſmiling at the weak deſigns
Thine envious foes deviſe. 12

4. Thy ſcorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down. 16

[5. Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
And we the ſacrifice,
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape allſearching eyes. 20

6. Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their treaſons all betray'd;
Praiſe to the Lord that broke the ſnare
Their curſed hands had laid.] 24

7. In vain the buſy ſons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their ſouls ſhall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8. Almighty Grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Let Britain with united ſongs
Almighty Grace adore.

XCIII. *God all and in all*, Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

My God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

[2. Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

[3. The ſmilings of thy face
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.]

[4. To thee and thee alone
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne
And dwell where Jeſus is.]

[5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place
If God his residence remove
Or but conceal his face.]
6. Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence Lord,
7. Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
[8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

XCIV. *God my only happiness*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

My God! my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I 'ave none but thee in heav'n above
Or on this earthly ball.
[2. What empty things are all the skies
And this inferiour clod?
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.]

[3. In vain the bright the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw 't is night.

4. And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what 's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

7. Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others stretch their arms like seas
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face
And I desire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.*

INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death
And us'd the Roman sword.

2. Oh! the ſharp pangs of ſmarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His ſacred body tore!

3. But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuſe,
In vain I blame the Roman bands
And the more ſpiteful Jews.

4. 'Twere you my ſins, my cruel ſins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the ſpear.

5. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs head:
Break, break my heart, oh! burſt mine eyes,
And let my ſorrows bleed.

6. Strike mighty Grace my flinty ſoul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undiſſembled wo.

XCVI. *Diſtinguiſhing love*, or, *Angels puniſhed and man ſaved*.

Down headlong from the native ſkies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Purſu'd them deep to hell.

2. Down from the top of earthly bliſs
Rebellious man was hurl'd,
And Jeſus ſtoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a ſinking world.

3. Oh! love of infinite degrees!
Unmeaſurable grace!
Muſt Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To ſave a trait'rous race!

4. Muſt angels ſink for ever down
And burn in quenchleſs fire,
While God forſakes his ſhining throne
To raiſe us wretches higher.

5. Oh! for this love let earth and ſkies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs ſing.

XCVII. *The ſame.*

From heav'n the ſinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkneſs chain'd them down,
But man, vile man, forſook his bliſs,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2. Amazing work of ſov'reign grace
That could diſtinguiſh rebels ſo!
Our guilty treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting fetters too.

3. To thee, to thee almighty Love,
Our souls, our selves, our all, we pay;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day. 12

XCVIII. *Hardness of heart complained of.*

My heart how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice! 4
2. Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone. 8
3. How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above?
This mountain presses down my faith
And chills my flaming love. 12
4. When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms. 16
5. Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrours of a God. 20

6. Dear Saviour! ſteep this rock of mine
In thine own crimſon ſea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

XCIX. *The book of God's decrees.*

Let the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his ſov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.
[2. Ten thouſand ages ere the ſkies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood preſent to his thought.
3. There 's not a ſparrow or a worm
But 's found in his decrees;
He raiſes monarchs to their throne,
And ſinks them as he pleaſe.]
4. If light attends the courſe I run
'Tis he provides thoſe rays,
And 't is his hand that hides my ſun
If darkneſs cloud my days.
5. Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to ſee
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6. When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongſt the choſen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

C. *The preſence of Chriſt is the life of my ſoul.*

How full of anguiſh is the thought,
How it diſtracts and tears my heart,
If God at laſt, my ſov'reign Judge,
Should frown and bid my ſoul depart!

2. Lord! when I quit this earthly ſtage
Where ſhall I fly but to thy breaſt?
For I have ſought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other reſt.

3. I cannot live contented here
Without ſome glimpſes of thy face;
And heav'n without thy preſence there
Will be a dark and tireſome place.

4. When earthly cares engroſs the day
And hold my thoughts aſide from thee,
The ſhining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5. And if no ev'ning viſit 's paid
Between my Saviour and my ſoul,
How dull the night! how ſad the ſhade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6. This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood,
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food. 24

[7. Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes. 28

8. The strings that twine about my heart
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.] 32

[9. My God! and can a humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye? 36

10. Impossible!——For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands
That where thou art thy friends must be.] 40

CI. *The world's three chief temptations.*

When in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too! 4

[2. Honour 's a puff of noiſy breath,
Yet men expoſe their blood,
And venture everlaſting death
To gain that airy good.

3. Whilſt others ſtarve the nobler mind
And feed on ſhining duſt,
They rob the ſerpent of his food
T' indulge a ſordid luſt.]

4. The pleaſures that allure our ſenſe
Are dang'rous ſnares to ſouls;
There 's but a drop of flatt'ring ſweet,
And daſh'd with bitter bowls.

5. God is mine allſufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vain deſires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6. In vain the world accoſts my ear
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliſs ſo dear
Nor part with heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy reſurrection.*

No, I 'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gaſp reſign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
Theſe dying with'ring limbs of mine.

2. Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt,
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew
At the revival of the juſt.

3. Break ſacred morning thro' the ſkies,
Bring that delightful dreadful day,
Cut ſhort the hours dear Lord and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels how long they ſtay!

[4. Our weary ſpirits faint to ſee
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of thoſe lips
Where God has ſhed his richeſt grace.]

[5. Haſte then upon the wings of love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And ſing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. *Chriſt's commiſſion*, John iii. 16, 17.

Come happy ſouls approach your God
With new melodious ſongs,
Come render to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2. So ſtrange ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3. Thy hands dear Jeſus were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a God;

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne,
When Chriſt on the kind errand came
And brought ſalvation down.

5. Here ſinners you may heal your wounds
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name
And you ſhall never die.

6. See deareſt Lord our willing ſouls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praiſe.

CIV. *The ſame.*

Raise your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace has done.

2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief-beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terrour clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5. Now ſinners dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe,
Bow to the ſceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace.

6. Lord! we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the patience of God.*

And are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

2. The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3. Almighty Goodneſs cries "Forbear,"
And ſtraight the thunder ſtays,
And dare we now provoke his wrath
And weary out his grace?

4. Lord! we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our ſin,
Our aking hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What rebels we have been.

5. No more ye luſts ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey,
Stretch out O God thy conq'ring hand
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the croſs.*

Oh! if my ſoul was form'd for wo
How would I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2. 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee my ſoul, for thee.

3. Oh! how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my God!
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood!

4. Yes, my Redeemer! they ſhall die,
My heart has ſo decreed,
Nor will I ſpare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5. While with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlaſting abſence of God intolerable.*

That awful day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge
And paſs the ſolemn teſt.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear the voice
Pronounce the ſound "Depart?"

[3. The thunder of that diſmal word
Would ſo torment my ear,
'Twould tear my ſoul aſunder Lord
With moſt tormenting fear.]

[4. What? to be baniſh'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5. O wretched ſtate of deep deſpair
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful ſtation where
I muſt not taſte his love!

6. Jeſus! I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breaſt;
Without a gracious ſmile from thee
My ſpirit cannot reſt.

7. O tell me that my worthleſs name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me ſome promiſe in thy book
Where my ſalvation ſtands!

[8. Give me one kind aſſuring word
To ſink my fears again,
And cheerfully my ſoul ſhall wait
Her threeſcore years and ten.]

CVIII. *Acceſs to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

Come let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2. Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath,
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd "conſuming fire,"
And Vengeance was his name.

3. Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4. Now we may bow before his feet
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat
Nor double flaming sword.

5. The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son,
High let us raise our notes of praise
And reach th' almighty throne.

6. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his fury by.

CIX. *The darkness of Providence.*

Lord! we adore thy vast designs;
Th' obscure abyss of Providence
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2. Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile,
We thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3. Thro' ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs
We ſail by faith and not by ſight;
Faitn guides us in the wilderneſs
Thro' all the briers and the night.

4. Dear Father! if thy lifted rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely thro'.

CX. *Triumph over death in hope of the reſurrection.*

And muſt this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3. God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the ſkies
Looks down and watches all my duſt
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4. Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry ſhape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his pow'r above.

6. Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for victory*, or, *God's dominion and our deliverance.*

Sion rejoice and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne,
Let Britain own the heav'nly King
And make his glories known.

2. The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd,
Jehovah rides upon a cloud
And thunders thro' the world.

3. He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4. Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride
Descend to wat'ry death.

5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

[6. Long may the King our Sov'reign live
To rule us by his word,
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels miniſtering to Chriſt and ſaints.*

Great God! to what a glorious height
Haſt thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son?
Angels in all their robes of light
Are made the ſervants of his throne.

2. Before his feet their armies wait,
And ſwift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of ſtate
In works of vengeance or of love.

3. His orders run thro' all their hoſts,
Legions deſcend at his command
To ſhield and guard the Britiſh coaſts
When foreign rage invades our land.

4. Now they are ſent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5. Lord! when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou ſhalt bid me riſe and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my ſpirit home.

CXIII. *The ſame.*

The majeſty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The ſervants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold.
2. But mighty God! thy palace ſhines
With far ſuperiour beams,
Thine angel-guards are ſwift as winds,
Thy miniſters are flames.
[3. Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A ſhining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.
4. And when oppreſs'd with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]
5. Now to the hands of Chriſt our King
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his ſaints and bring
His choſen heirs to heav'n.

6. Pleaſure and praiſe run thro' their hoſt
To ſee a ſinner turn,
Then Satan has a captive loſt
And Chriſt a ſubject born.

7. But there 's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angels ſends
Obſtinate rebels to deſtroy,
And gather in his friends.

8. O could I ſay without a doubt
There ſhall my ſoul be found,
Then let the great archangel ſhout
And the laſt trumpet ſound.

CXIV. *Chriſt's death, victory, and dominion.*

I Sing my Saviour's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell:
" 'Tis finiſh'd," ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

2. " 'Tis finiſh'd," our Emanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

3. His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

4. Exalted at his Father's ſide
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
5. The ſaints from his propitious eye
Await their ſev'ral crowns,
And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terrour of his frowns.

CXV. *God the avenger of his ſaints*, or, *His kingdom ſupreme.*

High as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator God,
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.
2. Let princes of exalted ſtate
To him aſcribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And caſt their glories down.
3. Know that his kingdom is ſupreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye muſt die like men.
4. Then let the ſov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the juſt;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to duſt.

5. Ye judges of the earth be wiſe
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meaneſt ſaint that you deſpiſe
Has an avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and thanks.*

How can I ſink with ſuch a prop
As my Eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
And ſpreads the heav'ns abroad?

2. How can I die while Jeſus lives,
Who roſe and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my ſoul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3. All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands reſign.

4. Yet if I might make ſome reſerve
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal ſo great
That I ſhould give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God preſent.*

I Cannot bear this abſence Lord;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou my heart ſtill near my God,
And thou my God be near my heart.

2. I was not born for earth and ſin,
Nor can I live on things ſo vile,
Yet I will ſtay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.

3. Then deareſt Lord in thine embrace
Let me reſign my fleeting breath,
And with a ſmile upon my face
Paſs the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The Prieſthood of Chriſt.*

Blood has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
"Revenge" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear ſtream when Chriſt was ſlain
Speaks "Peace" as loud from ev'ry vein.

2. Pardon and peace from God on high
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deſerve his ſword
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3. To Jeſus let our praiſes riſe
Who gave his life a ſacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The holy Scriptures.*

Laden with guilt and full of fears
I fly to thee my Lord,
And not a glimpſe of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs aſſuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almoſt in ev'ry page.

[3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
That merchant is divinely wiſe
Who makes the pearl his own.

4. Here conſecrated wat'r flows
To quench my thirſt of ſin,
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]

5. This is the Judge that ends the ſtrife
Where wit and reaſon fail,
My Guide to everlaſting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6. O may thy counſels mighty God!
My roving feet command,
Nor I forſake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

CXX. *The law and goſpel joined in ſcripture.*

THE Lord declares his will
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidſt the ſmoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2. The Lord reveals his face,
And ſmiling from above
Sends down the goſpel of his grace,
Th' epiſtles of his love.

3. Theſe ſacred words impart
Our Maker's juſt commands,
The pity of his melting heart
And vengeance of his hands.

[4. Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence,
The arms of grace are treaſur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5. We learn Chriſt crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beſide
Will do us little good.]

6. We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the ſtatutes of the Lord,
And truſt his promiſes.

7. In vain ſhall Satan rage
Againſt a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page
Where beams of mercy ſhine.

CXXI. *The law and goſpel diſtinguiſhed.*

THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe,
But 't is the goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our ſtrength to do his will.

2. The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love and cleanſing grace.

3. What curſes doth the law denounce
Againſt the man that fails but once?
But in the goſpel Chriſt appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4. My ſoul! no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the goſpel gives:
The man that truſts the promiſe lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

My God! permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

2. Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below
And let my God my Saviour go?

3. Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferiour joys reſign.

4. Be earth with all her ſcenes withdrawn,
Let noiſe and vanity be gone:
In ſecret ſilence of the mind
My heav'n and there my God I find.

CXXIII. *The benefit of publick ordinances.*

Away from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our ſoul's retreat,
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2. Lord! in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet and we adore,
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3. While here our various wants we mourn
United groans aſcend on high,
And prayer bears a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety.

[4. If Satan rage and ſin grow ſtrong
Here we receive ſome cheering word,
We gird the goſpel armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5. Or if our ſpirit faints and dies,
(Our conſcience gall'd with inward ſtings)
Here doth the righteous Sun ariſe
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6. Father! my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide,
But if my feet muſt hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. *Moſes, Aaron, and Joſhua.*

'Tis not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to men by Moſes' hands,
Can bring us ſafe to heav'n.

2. 'Tis not the blood which Aaron ſpilt,
Nor ſmoke of ſweeteſt ſmell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or ſave our ſouls from hell.

3. Aaron the prieſt reſigns his breath
At God's immediate will,
And in the deſert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4. And thus on Jordan's yonder ſide
The tribes of Iſrael ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5. Iſrael rejoice! now Joſhua † leads,
He 'll bring your tribes to reſt;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the prieſt.

† Joſhua the ſame with Jeſus, and ſignifies a Saviour.

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls that mourn the sins they 'ave done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
By faith in God's eternal Son. 4

2. Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief. 8

3. The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies. 12

CXXVI. *God glorified in the gospel.*

THE Lord descending from above
Invites his children near,
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here. 4

2. Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue,
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew. 8

3. Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace,
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face. 12

4. The law its beſt obedience owes
To our incarnate God,
And thy revenging juſtice ſhows
Its honours in his blood.

5. But ſtill the luſtre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole ſcene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumciſion and baptiſm.*

(Written only for thoſe who practiſe the baptiſm of infants.)

Thus did the ſons of Abra'm paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke
Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

2. By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3. Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood,
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4. Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praiſe.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt nature from Adam.*

Bless'd with the joys of innoc nce
Adam our father ſtood,
Till he debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe
And ate th' unlawful food 4
2. Now we are born a ſenſual race,
To ſinful joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native place,
And fleſh enſaves the mind. 8
3. While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion, reigns
Sin is the ſweeteſt good;
We fancy muſick in our chains
And ſo forget the load. 12
4. Great God: renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs reſtore,
Inſpire us with a heav'nly flame,
And fleſh ſhall reign no more. 16
5. Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the fecond Adam draw
His image on our hearts. 20

CXXIX. *We walk by faith not by ſight.*

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deſerts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n our home
Faith is our guide and faith our light. 4

2. The want of ſight ſhe well ſupplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into diſtant worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the deſert thro'
While faith inſpires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar and tempeſts blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So Abra'm by divine command
Left his own houſe to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new creation.*

Attend while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories ſhew:
" Behold I ſit upon the throne
" Creating all things new!

2. " Nature and ſin are paſs'd away,
" And the old Adam dies;
" My hands a new foundation lay,
" See the new world ariſe.

3. " I'll be a Sun of righteouſneſs
" To the new heav'ns I make;
" None but the newborn heirs of grace
" My glories ſhall partake."

4. Mighty Redeemer! ſet me free
From my old ſtate of ſin,
Oh make my ſoul alive to thee!
Create new pow'rs within:

5. Renew mine eyes and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afreſh,
Give me new paſſions, joys, and fears,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh.

6. Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. *The excellency of the Chriſtian religion.*

Let everlaſting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought ſalvation down,
And writ the bleſſings in thy word.

[2. What if we trace the globe around,
And ſearch from Britain to Japan,
There ſhall be no religion found
So juſt to God, ſo ſafe for man.]

3. In vain the trembling conſcience ſeeks
Some ſolid ground to reſt upon;
With long deſpair the ſpirit breaks
Till we apply to Chriſt alone.

4. How well thy bleſſed truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy commands!
Thy promiſes how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort ſtands!
[5. Not the feign'd fields of Heath'niſh bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch pleaſures in the mind,
Nor does the Turkiſh paradiſe
Pretend to joys ſo well refin'd.]
6. Should all the forms that men deviſe
Aſſault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the goſpel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The offices of Chriſt.*

We bleſs the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jeſus! thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
2. We rev'rence our High Prieſt above
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.
3. We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin
By his almighty hands.

4. Hoſanna to his glorious name
Who ſaves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

CXXXIII. *The operations of the holy Spirit.*

Eternal Spirit! we confeſs
And ſing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our bleſſings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2. Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray
Our ſhades and darkneſs turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3. Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning ſin,
Doth our imperious luſts ſubdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4. The troubled conſcience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys,
Thy words allay the ſtormy wind,
And calm the ſurges of the mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumciſion aboliſhed.*

The promiſe was divinely free,
Extenſive was the grace,
" I will the God of Abra'm be,
" And of his num'rous race."

2. He ſaid, and with a bloody ſeal
Confirm'd the words he ſpoke;
Long did the ſons of Abra'm feel
The ſharp and painful yoke.

3. Till God's own Son deſcending low
Gave his own fleſh to bleed,
And Gentiles taſte the bleſſings now
From the hard bondage freed.

4. The God of Abra'm claims our praiſe,
His promiſes endure,
And Chriſt the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the ſalvation ſure.

CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of Chriſt.*

Behold the woman's promis'd ſeed!
Behold the great Meſſiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperiour room!

2. Abra'm the ſaint rejoic'd of old
When viſions of the Lord he ſaw;
Moſes the man of God foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3. The types bore witneſs to his name,
Obtain'd their chief deſign and ceas'd;
The incenſe and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the prieſt.

4. Predictions in abundance meet
To join their bleſſings on his head;
Jeſus! we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed. 16

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the birth of Chriſt.*

The King of glory ſends his Son
To make his ent.ance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon
And heav'nly hoſts declare his birth! 4

2. About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glo.ies meet!
An unknown ſtar aroſe and led
The Eaſtern ſages to his feet. 8

3. Simeon anc' Anna both conſpire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe and own'd his name. 12

4. Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſ orn,
Our ſouls adore th' Eternal God
Who condeſcended to be born. 16

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the life, death, and reſurrection, of Chriſt.*

Behold the blind t.eir ſight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb ſpeak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart and bleſs his name! 4

2. Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own
And ſeal the miſſion of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cauſe,
While he hangs bleeding on the croſs. 8

3. He dies; the heav'ns in mourning ſtood;
He riſes and appears a God:
Behold the Lord aſcending high
No more to bleed, no more to die. 12

4. Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to thoſe hands my ſoul reſign
Which bear credentials ſo divine. 16

CXXXVIII. *The power of the goſpel.*

This is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here reſolves to ſhew
What his almighty grace can do. 4

2. This remedy did Wiſdom find
To heal diſeaſes of the mind;
This ſov'reign balm whoſe virtues can
Reſtore the ruin'd creature man. 8

3. The goſpel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afreſh,
And hearts of ſtone are turn'd to fleſh. 12

[4. Where Satan reign'd in ſhades of night
The goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly light,
Our luſts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry ſouls.]

[5. Lions and beaſts of ſavage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb,
While the wild world eſteems it ſtrange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.]

6. May but this grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that ſaves me doth engage
A ſure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The example of Chriſt.*

My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth and ſuch thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witneſs'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The deſert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4. Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God the Judge ſhall own my name
Amongſt the followers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The examples of Chriſt and the ſaints.*

Give me the wings of faith to riſe
Within the vail, and ſee
The ſaints above how great their joys
And bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears,
They wreſtled hard as we do now
With ſins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I aſk them whence their vict'ry came?
They with united breath
Aſcribe their conqueſt to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4. They mark'd the footſteps that he trod,
(His zeal inſpir'd their breaſt)
And following their incarnate God
Poſſeſs the promis'd reſt.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praiſe
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witneſſes
Show the ſame path to heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith aſſiſted by ſenſe*, or, *Preaching, baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper.*

My Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the ſkies,
But brings his graces down to ſenſe,
And helps my faith to riſe.

2. My eyes and ears ſhall bleſs his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taſte ſhall do the ſame
When they receive the Lord.

3. Baptiſmal water is deſign'd
To ſeal his cleanſing grace,
While at his feaſt of bread and wine
He gives his ſaints a place.

4. But not the waters of a flood
Can make my fleſh ſo clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He 'll waſh my ſoul from ſin.

5. Not choiceſt meats or nobleſt wines
So much my heart refreſh
As when my faith goes thro' the ſigns
And feeds upon his fleſh.

6. I love the Lord that ſtoops ſo low
To give his word a ſeal;
But the rich grace his hands beſtow
Exceeds the figures ſtill.

CXLII. *Faith in Chriſt our ſacrifice.*

Not all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2. But Chriſt the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand
And there confeſs my ſin.

4. My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove,
We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Fleſh and ſpirit.*

What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate!
I hate the thoughts that work within
And do the works I hate.

2. Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3. So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4. Thus will the fleſh and ſpirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace,
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe.

CXLIV. *The effuſion of the Spirit*, or, *The ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine diſciples met,
Whilſt on their heads the Spirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

2. What gifts, what miracles, he gave!
And pow'r to kill and pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Inſtead of ſhields, and ſpears, and ſwords.

3. Thus arm'd, he ſent the champions forth
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north:
"Go and aſſert your Saviour's cauſe,
"Go ſpread the myſt'ry of his croſs."

4. Theſe weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our ſtubborn paſſions bow,
And lay the proudeſt rebel low!

5. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd,
While Satan rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.

6. Great King of grace! my heart ſubdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And ſing the vict'ries of his word.

CXLV. *Sight through a glaſs, and face to face.*

I Love the windows of thy grace
Thro' which my Lord is ſeen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glaſs between.

2. O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to ſight!
I ſhall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3. Haſte my Beloved and remove
Theſe interpoſing days,
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praiſe.

CXLVI. *The vanity of creatures*, or, *No reſt on earth.*

MAN has a ſoul of vaſt deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs fires,
Toſs'd to and fro, his paſſions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2. In vain on earth we hope to find
Some ſolid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleaſures, but we feel
The inward thirſt and torments ſtill.

3. So when a raging fever burns
He ſhifts from ſide to ſide by turns,
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place but keep the pain.

4. Great God! ſubdue this vicious thirſt,
This love to vanity and duſt,
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our ſouls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The creation of the world*, Gen. i.

"Now let a ſpacious world ariſe,"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and ſkies
Roſe at his ſov'reign word.

[2. Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the newborn day
Attends on his command.

3. He bids the clouds aſcend on high;
The clouds aſcend and bear
A wat'ry treaſure to the ſky,
And float on ſofter air.

4. The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand,
The rolling ſeas together flow
And leave the ſolid land.

5. With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bleſs the earth
Or ſun to warm the ground.

6. Then he adorn'd the upper ſkies;
Behold the ſun appears,
The moon and ſtars in order riſe
To mark out months and years.

7. Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fiſh of ev'ry name.

8. He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And gazing beaſts of various form
Roſe from the teeming earth.

9. Adam was fram'd of equal clay
Tho' ſov'reign of the reſt,
Deſign'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bleſt.

10. Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation ſtood;
He ſaw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good. 40

11. Lord! while the frame of nature ſtands
Thy praiſe ſhall fill my tongue,
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted ſong. 44

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Chriſt.*

Dearest of all the names above
My Jeſus and my God,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love
Or trifle with thy blood? 4

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father ſmiles again,
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men. 8

3. Till God in human fleſh I ſee
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, juſt, and ſacred, Three
Are terrours to my mind. 12

4. But if Emanuel's face appear
My hope my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
His grace removes my ſins. 16

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to magistrates*, or, *Government from God.*

Eternal Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.
2. Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
[3. The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.]
4. Kingdoms on firm foundations stand
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.
5. Let Cesar's due be ever paid
To Cesar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CL. *The deceitfulness of sin.*

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2. With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes
She makes his fetters strong.

3. She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence,
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4. So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and inspiration.*

'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2. The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3. Great God! mine eyes with pleaſure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I ſee,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4. Let the falſe raptures of the mind
Be loſt and vaniſh in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word and muſt endure.

CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, *&c.*

Not to the terrours of the Lord
The tempeſt, fire, and ſmoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai ſpoke;

2. But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And ſpread his love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable hoſt
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt
Whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4. Behold the bleſs'd aſſembly there
Whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5. The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake. 20
6. In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest. 24

CLIII. *The distemper, folly, and madness, of sin*

Sin like a venomous disease
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician God. 4
2. Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death,
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath. 8
3. Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage. 12
[4. We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jesus makes us wise. 16

5. We give our ſouls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And ruſh with fury down to hell;
But Heav'n prevents the fall.]
[6. The man poſſeſs'd amongſt the tombs
Cuts his own fleſh and cries;
He foams and raves till Jeſus comes,
And the foul ſpirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-righteouſneſs inſufficient.*

" Whrre are the mcarners (ſaith the Lord)
" That wait and tremble at my wcrd*?
" That walk in darkneſs all the day?
" Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.
[2. " No works nor duties of your own
" Can for the ſmalleſt ſin atone;
" The robes that nature may provide
" Will not your leaſt pollutions hide †.
3. " The ſofteſt couch that nature knows
" Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
" Look to my righteouſneſs and live;
" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
4. " Ye ſons of pride that kindle coals
" With your own hands to warm your ſouls,
" Walk in the light of your own fire,
" Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire.

* Iſa. l. 10, 11. † Iſa. xxviii. 20.

5. " This is your portion at my hands ;
" Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
" Ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow there,
" In death, in darkneſs, and deſpair.

CLV. *Chriſt our Paſſover.*

Lo ! the deſtroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's ſtubborn land !
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2. He paſs'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine,
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bleſs'd the peaceful ſign.

3. Thus the appointed Lamb muſt bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke,
Thus Iſrael is from bondage freed,
And 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.

4. Lord ! if my heart were ſprinkled too
With blood ſo rich as thine,
Juſtice no longer would purſue
This guilty ſoul of mine.

5. Jeſus our Paſſover was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain
And God's avenging ſword.

CLVI. *Preſumption and deſpair*, or, *Satan's various temptations.*

I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The ſerpent takes a thouſand forms
To cheat our ſouls to death.

2. He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with ſlaviſh fears,
And holds us ſtill in wide extremes,
Preſumption or deſpair.

3. Now he perſuades "how eaſy 't is
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he ſwells our ſins, and cries
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

[4. He bids young ſinners "yet forbear
"To think of God or death,
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5. He tells the aged "they muſt die,
"And 't is too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have loſt their day."]

6. Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit,
And drags the ſons of Adam down
To darkneſs and the pit.

7. Almighty God! cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell,
And that he vex the earth no more
Confine him down to hell. 28

CLVII. *The same.*

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy,
He worries whom he cann't devour
With a malicious joy. 4

2. Ye sons of God oppose his rage,
Resist and he 'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish'd him alone. 8

3. Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old Serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove. 12

4. Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try. 16

CLVIII. *Few ſaved*, or, *The almoſt Chriſtian, the hypocrite, and apoſtate.*

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thouſands walk together there,
But Wiſdom ſhows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller. 4
2. "Deny thyſelf and take thy croſs"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature muſt count her gold but droſs
If ſhe would gain this heav'nly land. 8
3. The fearful ſoul that tries and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but eſteem'd almoſt a ſaint,
And makes his own deſtruction ſure. 12
4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new!
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which falſe apoſtates never knew. 16

CLIX. *An unconverted ſtate*, or, *Converting grace.*

[Great King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble ſhame
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our firſt father's name!] 4

2. From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poiſon reigns within,
Makes us averſe to all that 's good,
And willing ſlaves to ſin.

[3. Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace,
Engag'd in the old Serpent's cauſe
Againſt our Maker's face.]

4. We live eſtrang'd afar from God,
And love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.

5. And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let ſinners ſee thy glory Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6. We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Cuſtom in ſin.*

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2. As well might Ethiopian ſlaves
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin,
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

3. Where vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the leaſt control:
None but a pow'r divinely ſtrong
Can turn the current of the ſoul.

4. Great God! I own thy pow'r divine
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Chriſtian virtues*, or, *The difficulty of converſion.*

STRAIT is the way, the door is ſtrait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds miſtake and die.

2. Beloved ſelf muſt be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd and patience try'd,
And vain deſires ſubdu'd.

[3. Fleſh is a dang'rous foe to grace
Where it prevails and rules;
Fleſh muſt be humbled, pride abas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our ſouls.

4. The love of gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry ſenſe,
In ſweet ſubjection lie.]

5. The tongue, that moſt unruly pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong reſtraint;
We muſt be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray but never faint.

6. Lord! can a feeble helpleſs worm
Fulfil a taſk ſo hard!
Thy grace muſt all my work perform
And give the free reward.

CLXII. *Meditation of heaven*, or, *The joy of faith.*

My thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the vail;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
The waters never fail.

2. There I behold with ſweet delight
The bleſſed Three in One,
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3. His promiſe ſtands for ever firm,
His grace ſhall ne'er depart,
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart,

4. Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are
When with eternal future things
The preſent we compare!

5. I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of deſertion and temptations.*

Dear Lord! behold our ſore diſtreſs,
Our ſins attempt to reign,
Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.

[2. The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble ſheep,
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3. Muſt we indulge a long deſpair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4. If thou deſpiſe a mortal groan
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate ſo near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5. He brought the Spirit's pow'rful ſword
To ſlay our deadly foes;
Our ſins ſhall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppoſe.

6. How boundleſs is our Father's grace
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our ſtrength.

CLXIV. *The end of the world.*

Why ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?

2. While Time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3. Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,
The ſun muſt end his race,
The earth and ſea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4. When will that glorious morning riſe
When the laſt trump ſhall ſound,
And call the nations to the ſkies
From underneath the ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulneſs, ignorance, and unſanctified affections.*

LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation Lord,
But ſtill how weak my faith is found
And knowledge of thy word!

2. Oft' I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

[3. My dear Almighty and my God!
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod
And bleſſings of thy throne!]

[4. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections here!]

5. Great God! thy ſov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

[6. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.]

CLXVI. *The divine perfections.*

How ſhall I praiſe th' Eternal God,
That Infinite unknown?
Who can aſcend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

[2. The great Inviſible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light,
But his allſearching eye reveals
The ſecrets of the night.

3. Thoſe watchful eyes that never ſleep
Survey the world around;
His wiſdom is a boundleſs deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4. Speak we of ſtrength? his arm is ſtrong
To ſave or to deſtroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endleſs is his joy.]

[5. He knows no ſhadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promiſes.]

[6. Sinners before his preſence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealouſy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7. Juſtice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While Mercy ſends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8. Now to my ſoul immortal King!
Speak ſome forgiving word,
Then 't will be double joy to ſing
The glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The ſame.*

GREAT God! thy glories ſhall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy,
My lips in ſongs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' Eternal King.

[2. Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

[3. His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command who dares oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[4. Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom like a ſea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[5. His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealouſy;
He hates the ſons of pride, and ſheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]
[6. The beamings of his piercing ſight
Bring dark hypocriſy to light;
Death and deſtruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
[7. Th' eternal law before him ſtands;
His juſtice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre or the ſword.]
[8. His mercy like a boundleſs ſea
Waſhes our load of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd
T' engage his juſtice on our ſide.]
[9. Each of his words demands my faith;
My ſoul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt promiſe of his lips.]
10. O tell me with a gentle voice
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice:
Fill'd with thy love I dare proclaim
The brighteſt honours of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The ſame*

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2. His terrours keep the world in awe,
His juſtice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace.

3. Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4. And will the glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The ſame as the* 148th *Pſalm.*

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes
Are light and majeſty.
His glories ſhine
With beams ſo bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe,
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Reſolves to bleſs
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3. Thro' all his ancient works
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns;
Strong is his arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condeſcend?
And will he write his name
"My Father and my Friend!"
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs
And praiſe the Lord.

CLXX. *God incomprehenſible and ſovereign.*

[CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated Mind *?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?
2. 'Tis high as heav'n, 't is deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.
3. But man, vain man, would fain be wiſe!
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And ſwells and ſnuffs the empty wind.]
4. God is a King of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he reſolve who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why or what he does?
5. He wounds the heart, and he makes whole,
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul;
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair
Who can remove the heavy bar?
6. He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon;
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon †:
The pillars of heav'n's ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof ‡.

* Job xi. 7, &c. † Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

7. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

8. Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?
Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. *The Lord's Supper inſtituted*, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

'TWAS on that dark that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful ſcene began
He took the bread, and bleſs'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he ſpake!

3. "This is my body broke for ſin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and bleſs'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

[4. For us his fleſh with nails was torn;
He bore the ſcourge, he felt the thorn;
And juſtice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our ſtead.

5. For us his vital blood was ſpilt
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of biggeſt ſize
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice.]
6. " Do this," he cry'd, " till time ſhall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying Friend:
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."
[7. Jeſus! thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhow thy death, we ſing thy name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage-ſupper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with Chriſt and with ſaints,* 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

[JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
2. For food he gives his fleſh,
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace!
Of our deſcending God.]
3. This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'reſt in his death.

4. Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one,
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſtborn Son.

5. We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
One body hath its ſev'ral limbs,
But Jeſus is the head.

6. Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe,
Pleaſure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

III. *The New Teſtament in the blood of Chriſt*, or, *The New Covenant ſealed.*

" The promiſe of my Father's love
" Shall ſtand for ever good:"
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name,
I ſeal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3. The light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my pow'rs, are thine.

4. I call that legacy my own
Which Jeſus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5. Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bleſs'd us in his will,
And to his teſtament of love
Made his own life the ſeal.

IV. *Chriſt's dying love*, or, *Our pardon bought at a dear price.*

How condeſcending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[2. When Juſtice by our ſins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful ſword,
He gave his ſoul up to the ſtroke
Without a murm'ring word.]

[3. He ſunk beneath our heavy woes
To raiſe us to his throne:
There 's ne'er a gift his hand beſtows
But coſt his heart a groan.]

4. This was compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5. Now tho' he reigns exalted high
His love is ſtill as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his ſaints forget.

[6. Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And ſee the ſorrows of his ſoul
Bleed thro' his wounded ſide.]

[7. Here we receive repeated ſeals
Of Jeſus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One ſoft affection move.]

8. Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. *Chriſt the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our ſouls has fed:
Thou art our living ſtream, O Lord!
And thou th' immortal bread!

[2. The manna came from lower ſkies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh ſprings of pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with love.

3. The Jews the fathers dy'd at laſt
Who ate that heav'nly bread,
But theſe proviſions which we taſte
Can raiſe us from the dead.]

4. Bleſs'd be the Lord that gives his fleſh
To nouriſh dying men,
And often ſpreads his table freſh
Leſt we ſhould faint again.

5. Our ſouls ſhall draw their heav'nly breath
Whilſt Jeſus finds ſupplies,
Nor ſhall our graces ſink to death,
For Jeſus never dies.

[6. Daily our mortal fleſh decays,
But Chriſt our life ſhall come,
His unreſiſted pow'r ſhall raiſe
Our bodies from the tomb.]

VI. *The memorial of our abſent Lord,* John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

Jesus is gone above the ſkies
Where our weak ſenſes reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thruſt our Saviour from our thought.

2. He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refreſh our minds he gave
Theſe kind memorials of his grace.

3. The Lord of life this table ſpread
With his own fleſh and dying blood;
We on the rich prov'ſion feed,
And taſte the wine and bleſs the God.

4. Let ſinful ſweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem,
Chriſt and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5. While he is abſent from our ſight
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

[6. Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing ſpirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the world by the croſs of Chriſt*, Gal. vi. 14.

When I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it Lord that I ſhould boaſt
Save in the death of Chriſt my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

[4. His dying crimſon like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The tree of life.*

[Come let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye ſaints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2. While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear refreſhments here ye found
From this immortal food!]

3. The tree of life that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its everſmiling boughs.

[4. Hov'ring amongſt the leaves there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove,
And Jeſus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

[5. 'Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight
While in his ſhade we ſit;
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte as ſweet.

6. New life it ſpreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a ſting behind.]

7. Now let the flaming weapon ſtand
And guard all Eden's trees,
There 's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears ſuch fruit as theſe.

8. Infinite Grace our ſouls adore
Whoſe wondrous hand has made
This living Branch of ſov'reign pow'r
To raiſe and heal the dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the water, and the blood,* 1 John v. 6.

[Let all our tongues be one
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us ſtrangers nigh.

2. Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name;
Jeſus, th'Ambaſſador of peace
How cheerfully he came!

3. It coſt him cries and tears
To bring us near to God:
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

[4. My Saviour's pierced ſide
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5. Infinite was our guilt,
But he our Prieſt atones;
On the cold ground his life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6. Look up my ſoul to him
Whoſe death was thy deſert,
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7. There on the curſed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

8. Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame
We feel his witneſs good.

9. While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And ſeal'd my Saviour's love.

[10. Lord! cleanſe my ſoul from ſin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witneſs to my heart.]

X. *Chriſt crucified: the wiſdom and power of God.*

NATURE with open volume ſtands
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad,
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows ſomething worthy of a God.

2. But in the grace that reſcu'd man
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here on the croſs 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious blood and crimſon lines.

[3. Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gueſs nor reaſon prove
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.]

4. Here I behold his inmoſt heart
Where grace and vengeance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart
To make the purchas'd pleaſures mine.

5. O the ſweet wonders of that croſs
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide.

6. I would for ever ſpeak his name
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our ſenſes.*

Lord! how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!

2. There the rich bounties of our God
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſays "That I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3. "Here, (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhows his wounded ſide)
"See here the ſpring of all your joys
"That open'd when I dy'd."

[4. He ſmiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
"All this," ſays he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he ſmiles again.]

5. What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

[6. Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7. To him that waſh'd us in his blood
Be everlaſting praiſe,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

XII. *The goſpel-feaſt*, Luke xiv. 16, *&c.*

[How rich are thy proviſions Lord!
Thy table furniſh'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erſpread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2. Thine ancient family the Jews
Were firſt invited to the feaſt:
We humbly take what they refuſe,
And Gentiles thy ſalvation taſte.

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh!
But at the goſpel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd ſupply.

4. From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkneſs and deſpair,
Lord! we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy preſence here.] 16

[5. What ſhall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wand'rers back to God! 20

6. It coſt him death to ſave our lives,
To buy our ſouls it coſt his own,
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown. 24

7. Our everlaſting love is due
To him that ranſom'd ſinners loſt,
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vaſt expenſe his love would coſt.] 28

XIII. *Divine Love making a feaſt and calling in the gueſts,* Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

How ſweet and awful is the place
With Chriſt within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores! 4

2. Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With ſoft compaſſion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying ſouls. 8

[3. While all our hearts and all our ſongs
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
" Lord! why was I a gueſt?

4. " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" And enter while there's room,
" When thouſands make a wretched choice,
" And rather ſtarve than come?"]

5. 'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt
That ſweetly forc'd us in,
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

[6. Pity the nations O our God!
Conſtrain the earth to come,
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the ſtrangers home.

7. We long to ſee thy churches full,
That all the choſen race
May with one voice, and heart, and ſoul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV. *The ſong of Simeon*, Luke ii. 28. or, *A ſight of Chriſt makes death eaſy*.

Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wiſh to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2. Our lips ſhould learn that joyful ſong
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his,
"Our ſouls ſtill willing to be gone,
"And at thy word depart in peace. 8
3. "Here we have ſeen thy face O Lord!
"And view'd ſalvation with our eyes,
"Taſted and felt the living word,
"The bread deſcending from the ſkies. 12
4. "Thou haſt prepar'd this dying Lamb,
"Haſt ſet his blood before our face,
"To teach the terrours of thy name,
"And ſhow the wonders of thy grace. 16
5. "He is our Light, our Morning-ſtar,
"Shall ſhine on nations yet unknown,
"The glory of thine Iſrael here,
"And joy of ſpirits near the throne." 20

XV. *Our Lord Jeſus at his own table.*

THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he ſpread his royal board,
And bleſs'd the food and ſung. 4
2. Happy the man that ate this bread!
But doubly bleſs'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it Lord on thee. 8

3. By faith the ſame delights we taſte
As that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' breaſt,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4. Down from the palace of the ſkies
Hither the King deſcends!
" Come my beloved, eat, (he cries)
" And drink ſalvation friends.

[5. " My fleſh is food and phyſick too,
" A balm for all your pains,
" And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
" From theſe my pierced veins."]

6. Hoſanna to his bounteous love
For ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
With nobler bleſſings too.

[7. Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more
But dwell at th' heav'nly feaſt.]

XVI. *The agonies of Chriſt.*

Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our ſuff'rings are not worth a thought
When Lord compar'd with thine.

2. In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

[3. Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4. His soul what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5. But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6. Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day!
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7. Our hymns should sound like those above
Could we our voices raise,
Yet Lord! our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

XVII. *Incomparable food*, or, *The fleſh and blood of Chriſt.*

[We ſing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nouriſh dying worms.
2. This ſoul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour! 't is thy blood;
We thank that ſacred fleſh of thine
For this immortal food.]
3. The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half ſo ſweet
As our Redeemer brings.
4. In vain had Adam ſought
And ſearch'd his garden round,
For there was no ſuch bleſſed fruit
In all the happy ground.
5. Th' angelick hoſt above
Can never taſte this food;
They feaſt upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
6. On us th' almighty Lord
Beſtows this matchleſs grace,
And meets us with ſome cheering word
With pleaſure in his face.

7. Come all ye drooping ſaints
And banquet with the King,
This wine will drown your ſad complaints,
And tune your voice to ſing.
8. Salvation to the name
Of our adored Chriſt;
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the higheſt.

XVIII. *The ſame.*

Jesus! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely ſtor'd;
Thy ſacred fleſh our ſouls have ate;
'Tis living bread; we thank thee Lord!
2. And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee Lord! 't is gen'rous wine
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
3. On earth is no ſuch ſweetneſs found,
For the Lamb's fleſh is heav'nly food:
In vain we ſearch the globe around
For bread ſo fine or wine ſo good.
4. Carnal proviſions can at beſt
But cheer the heart or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taſte
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5. Joy to the Maſter of the feaſt;
His name our ſouls for ever bleſs;
To God the King and God the Prieſt
A loud hoſanna round the place. 20

XIX. *Glory in the croſs*, or, *Not aſhamed of Chriſt crucified.*

At thy command our deareſt Lord!
Here we attend thy dying feaſt,
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own fleſh feeds ev'ry gueſt. 4
2. Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And truſts for life in one that dy'd,
We hope for heav'nly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd. 8
3. Let the vain world pronounce it ſhame,
And fling their ſcandals on the cauſe,
We come to boaſt our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his croſs. 12
4. With joy we tell the ſcoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmoſt rage,
And we are waiting till he come. 16

XX. *The proviſions for the table of our Lord*, or, *The tree of life and River of love.*

LORD! we adore thy bounteous hand,
And ſing the ſolemn feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial dainties ſtand
For ev'ry willing gueſt.

[2. The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming ſword
To guard the paſſage to it.

3. The cup ſtands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our uſe
In rivulets of love.]

4. The food 's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleaſure 's well refin'd,
They ſpread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5. Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love
Ye ſaints that taſte his wine,
Join with your kindred ſaints above,
In loud hoſannas join.

6. A thouſand glories to the God
That gives ſuch joy as this;
Hoſanna! let it ſound abroad,
And reach where Jeſus is.

XXI. *The triumphal feaſt for Chriſt's victory over ſin, and death, and hell.*

[Come let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys ariſe,
And join the ſongs above the ſky
Where pleaſure never dies.

2. Jeſus the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That roſe, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]

[3. Jeſus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feaſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down
For each redeemed gueſt.]

4. The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his ſmiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he ſays
To ev'ry humble ear!

5. "For you the children of my love,
"It was for you, I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my ſide.

6. "Theſe are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your ſouls
"From miſery and chains.

[7. "Juſtice unſheath'd its fiery ſword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore
"And moſt tormenting ſmart.

8. "When hell and all its ſpiteful pow'rs
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To reſcue thoſe dear lives of yours
"I gave my own away.

9. "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
"The monſter tumbling down.

10. "Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt,
"And taſte my fleſh and blood,
"And live eternal ages bleſt,
"For 't is immortal food."

11. Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours ſo divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12. We give thee Lord our higheſt praiſe,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes ſo infinite as theſe
Exceed our nobleſt ſongs.

XXII. *The compaſſion of a dying Chriſt.*

Our ſpirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In ſtrains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n reſigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ranſom guilty worms from death.

[3. Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings ſet us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his croſs,
And nail'd the curſes to the tree.]

[4. The law proclaims no terrour now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more,
From all his wounds new bleſſings flow,
A ſea of joy without a ſhore.

5. Here we have waſh'd our deepeſt ſtains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Bleſs'd Fountain! ſpringing from the veins
Of Jeſus our incarnate God.]

6. In vain our mortal voices ſtrive
To ſpeak compaſſion ſo divine:
Had we a thouſand lives to give
A thouſand lives ſhould all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of Chriſt.*

[Sitting around our Father's board
We raiſe our tuneful breath,
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to death.]

2. We ſee the blood of Jeſus ſhed
Whence all our pardons riſe,
The ſinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the ſacrifice.

3. Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs,
Procure us heav'nly crowns;
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4. Oh! 't is impoſſible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay
Should equal ſuff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and ſtrength from Chriſt.*

Father! we wait to feel thy grace,
To ſee thy glories ſhine,
The Lord will his own table bleſs,
And make the feaſt divine.

2. We touch, we taſte, the heav'nly bread,
We drink the ſacred cup,
With outward forms our ſenſe is fed,
Our ſouls rejoice in hope. 8

3. We ſhall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dreſs'd in the garments of his Son,
And ſprinkled with his blood. 12

4. We ſhall be ſtrong to run the race
And climb the upper ſky;
Chriſt will provide our ſouls with grace,
He bought a large ſupply. 16

[5. Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feaſt;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taſte.] 20

XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

How are thy glories here diſplay'd,
Great God! how bright they ſhine!
While at thy word we break the bread
And pour the flowing wine. 4

2. Here thy revenging Juſtice ſtands
And pleads its dreadful cauſe,
Here ſaving Mercy ſpreads her hands
Like Jeſus on the croſs. 8

3. Thy ſaints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great ſacrifice,
And Love appears with cheerful face,
And Faith with fixed eyes.

4. Our Hope in waiting poſture ſits,
To Heav'n directs her ſight,
Here ev'ry warmer paſſion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5. Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And riſing Sin deſtroy,
Repentance comes with aking heart.
Yet not forbids the joy.

6. Dear Saviour change our faith to ſight,
Let ſin for ever die,
Then ſhall our ſouls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I Cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these divine Hymns till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, Gloria Patria, *be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of Christian worship. I have cast the Song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few* hosannas *or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.*

A song of praise to the everblessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

XXVI. First. Long Metre.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2. Glory to thee great Son of God,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls. 8

3. We give thee ſacred Spirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and wo
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow. 12

4. Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That ſea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a ſhore. 16

XXVI. Firſt. Common Metre.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our ſinful race
Choſe out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace. 4

2. Glory to God the Son be paid
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away. 8

3. Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whoſe almighty pow'r
Our ſouls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bleſs the happy hour. 12

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. Firſt. Short Metre.

Let God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his firſt love derive
The ground of all their ſongs.

2. Ye ſaints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your ſouls from hell and death
By off'ring up his own.

3. Give to the Spirit praiſe
Of an immortal ſtrain,
Whoſe light, and pow'r, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men.

4. While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd ſin,
O may the blood and water bear
The ſame record within!

5. To the great One and Three
That ſeal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. Second. Long Metre.

Glory to God the Trinity,
Whoſe name has myſteries unknown;
In eſſence One, in perſon Three;
A ſocial nature, yet alone. 4
2. When all our nobleſt pow'rs are join'd
The honours of thy name to raiſe,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praiſe. 8

XXX. Second. Common Metre.

The God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming word
And newcreating breath. 4
2. To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let ſaints and angels join. 8

XXXI. Second. Short Metre.

Let God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the ſame,
And God the Comforter. 4

2. Father of lights above
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r. 8

XXXII. Third. Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory, giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n. 4

XXXIII. Or thus:

All glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove. 4

XXXIV. Third. Common Metre.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord. 4

XXXV. Or thus:

Honour to thee almighty Three,
And everlaſting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son. 4

XXXVI. Third. Short Metre.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too. 4

XXXVII. Or thus:

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done. 4

XXXVIII. *A Song of praise to the blessed Trinity. The first as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

I Give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done. 8

2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains. 16

3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe newcreating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live.
His work completes
The great deſign,
And fills the ſoul
With joy divine.

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endleſs honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One.
Where reaſon fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX. *The ſecond as the* cxlviiith *Pſalm.*

To him that choſe us firſt
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curſe
To ſave rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew
Is endleſs praiſe
And glory due.

2. The Father's love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal ſongs;
We bring to God the Son
Hoſannas on our tongues:

Our lips addrefs
The Spirit's name
With equal praife
And zeal the fame. 16

3. Let ev'ry faint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever blefs and love
The facred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n fhall raife
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die. 24

XL. *The third as the* cxlviiith *Pfalm.*

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raife,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praife;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring
Our faith adores
The name we fing. 8

XLI. Or thus:

To our Eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
Three myfteries in One,

Salvation, pow'r,
And praiſe, be giv'n
By all on earth
And all in heav'n.

The Hoſanna, or, *Salvation aſcribed to Chriſt.*

XLII. Long Metre.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a ſuperiour throne:
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

2. Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion behold thy King,
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing.

2. Hoſanna to th' incarnate Word
Who from the Father came,
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord
With bleſſings on his name.

XLIV. Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2. To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with Heav'n. 8

XLV. *as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

Hosanna to the King
Of David's ancient blood,
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God.
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay. 8
2. Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb,
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him blest. 16

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